

THE WAR FOR THE UNION.

FROM SOUTH-WESTERN VIRGINIA.

MARCH UP THE KANAWHA VALLEY.

Rebel Arms and Stores Captured.

THE DESERTERS FROM GEN. WISE'S ARMY.

HOW WISE RUNS.

WHAT THE NEGROES SAY.

THE CAMPAIGN ENDED IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

From Our Special Correspondent.

GAULEY BRIDGE, Head of Great Kanawha River, Va., July 24, 1861.

On Sunday our road continued up the river valley, and the scene of hills began to break into regular, rounded spurs. They extended down almost to the river, and are densely timbered with red, white, and black oak, hickory, poplar, and sugar maple. Many of the trees are covered with grapevines, and large shining blackberries grow in profusion among the rocks. After a march of 12 miles, at 3 p. m., we camped in a lovely little valley by a clear, swift-running stream.

The camp was lively as a beehive, and the tents were soon pitched. For the next hour that brook, like the pool of Scripture, was troubled; in a baptism in its transparent waters, and an array of clean clothing, the soldier forgot the fatigue of the previous night. Then the aroma from the camp-fires announced to the circumference the cooking of many suppers. The regular army rations are not inviting to epicurean tastes; but I observe that they are enhanced with green corn, new potatoes, and other contraband vegetables. The frequent appearance of goose, turkey, duck, and chicken, in the messes of both officers and privates, is also suggestive of foul play. Whenever a soldier or servant, walking toward, with a chicken, is asked where he obtained it, he invariably replies that he "bought" it—until the word has become a standing joke.

"Where did you get that turkey?" asked a captain of one of his men. "Bought it, Sir," was the prompt answer. "For how much?" "Seventy-five cents." "Paid for it, did you?" "Well, no Sir; them men I might pay when we came back!" "Muss," said a little, clowny servant, to one of our officers whom he accompanied, "I seen a mighty fine goose. Wish we could have him for supper." "Ginger," replied the officer, "have I not often told you that it was very wrong to steal?" The little negro laughed all over his face, and fell behind the command; and by what Mr. Weller terms, "a very remarkable coincidence," the officer's supper on Tuesday, that very evening, I have seen an innocent looking private, watch his opportunity, seize a too confiding chicken, and clap it under his blouse within a few yards of fifty men, not one of whom observed him. Late at night, when our camp is near a house, the silence is sometimes pierced by a short, shrill, convulsive creak—a sign that one of our men has fallen into the hands of a spoiler.

For a farmer to count his chickens before the army passes, is quite as absurd as to count them before they are hatched.

As the sun went down the dark shadows of the western spurs climbed silently up the mountain sides; and after twilight, I ascended one of the spurs to look down upon the encampment. The smooth, crescent-shaped valley was dotted with five hundred tiny tents, and lighted by two or three hundred waving camp-fires, with several flames flitting among them, or reclining upon the ground in little groups, from which faint murmurs of conversation and music floated through the evening air. Far above, on all sides, the dark, conical hills rose from 500 to 800 feet—their bold outlines feathered with timber, sharply pencilled against the sky. It was a goodly sight, full of quiet beauty. A trio of gentlemen in the 1st Kentucky regiment, whose headquarters were on the hill beside me, gave me some excellent singing; and "E Pluribus Unum" never before seemed so beautiful and impressive, as while I was lying upon the ground, gazing up at the grand canopy above, and hearing:

"Our ranks are swelled up to the sky,
By a deed which our fathers have done;
And linked in a longer and holier chain,
By our motto of 'Many in One.'"

I think there was not a bosom in the group which did not swell responsive to the words, now so full of meaning.

"Praise the head or the heart that would raise
Our motto of 'Many in One?'"

At 9 o'clock the tattoo was the signal for returning to camp, and going to bed, or rather to blanket.

On Monday morning our route was still up the narrow valleys, the precipitous hills on the left after rising a hundred feet, with huge, overhanging rocks threatening our heads like the sword of Damocles. If Wise's army had taken advantage of the situation, it would have brought utter ruin to this brigade, in ten minutes. At one point we found a great chestnut tree felled across the road by the Rebels to impede our progress. It was a fruitless labor on their part, for the advance guard removed the obstruction before the army came up.

Before noon, a roar like that of Niagara announced that we were approaching the Falls of the Great Kanawha. The river here is half a mile wide, and a natural dam of rock, more than a hundred yards in breadth on the lower side, and thirty feet above the surface of the water, extends obliquely across it. The smooth surface of gray rock, spotted with brown moss, was dry as far as we could see; but the loud roar and a white mist rising near the south bank, told us over it in that direction. The water has bored cylindrical pits, some larger than four-barrels, into the solid rock, and cut several narrow tortuous channels across it, through which little streams go singing and sparkling down. It is strewed with narrow fissures, filled with soil, where ambitious grass and sanguine young rascals struggle sturdily for life. Some huge blocks have been cleft upward from the mass of rock, and lie moodily apart with gulfs of muddy water between them.

We had nearly reached the south bank, where a ruined mill and a few dilapidated buildings retain a precarious foothold upon a narrow shelf, at the foot of the sharp bluff, when we came to the main Fall. It is three or four hundred yards long, in the form of a half circle, with a broken descent of about 30 feet. The surfaces of the water above is dark, green, and glassy; but on reaching the verge it grows half transparent, and comes tumbling and foaming down the rocks, until it is lashed into a mass of snowy whiteness, and like a mass of silvery hair, plunges into the seething cauldron below, throwing up jets and sheets of foam.

The view, at this low stage of the water, is picturesque and pleasing; but in Spring, when the swollen stream fills the broad channel, it must be grand and impressive. Above, the calm, shining water extends for a mile, until hidden by a sudden bend in the channel, and the view is bounded by a tall spur, liveried in the sober green of the forest, with an adventurous corn field climbing far up its steep side, and a smooth, straw-colored lawn at its narrow base, surrounding a white farm-house, with low, sloping roof, and outside chimneys, half hidden among the maples, and sentinelled by a tall Lombardy poplar.

Two miles above the Falls we reached this point, the head of the Great Kanawha, where the Gauley and New Rivers unite to form it. The Gauley is 100 yards wide, and was crossed by an excellent wooden bridge, resting upon two stone piers, which the Rebels burned after they passed over it. A ferryboat is now being constructed, but Gen. Cox's brigade is not likely to

advance any further just at present. It is a pleasant and healthy camping ground; but the valley is too narrow for a battalion drill, and hardly sufficient room to form a regiment.

An iron 10-pounder left behind by the Rebels in their flight has been found, sunk in the river, and taken out. Our scouting parties along the hills on the south side of the Gauley have also discovered 1,500 flat-lock muskets, a few rifles, a barrel of cartridges, 60 canisters of powder, and several hundred pounds of bacon. A hundred small kigs, from which the powder had been emptied into the water, were found beside the river.

There is no doubt about the utter demoralization of Wise's army. The troops from the Kanawha Valley came out reluctantly on the representation that they were needed to defend their homes. They are very lukewarm in Secession question, and are determined not to go into Eastern Virginia. In some instances, whole companies have openly left the command; and a few days since Wise and a Major Lewis drew revolvers upon each other, in an altercation caused by Lewis's determination to return home with his men. Friends separated them, but Lewis carried his point, and left with all his men except six, who preferred to stay. Nearly one-half of Wise's forces must have abandoned him during his retreat from Charleston to this point, 40 miles. A great many deserters from his army, who had been hiding among the hills, have come in to-day. They were told that if they fell into the hands of our army they would be held as prisoners, and subjected to gross indignities; but Gen. Cox caused assurances to be sent to them that if they would go to their homes and be loyal to the Government, hereafter, they should not be molested. They are ragged, weary, and footsore, and profess to be utterly disgusted with Wise and Secession.

This command has now penetrated 100 miles into the "seceded" precincts of the State, and the campaign in Western Virginia is ended, at least for the present. There are no rebel troops in the field, and the Union men are forming into Home Guards and aiming to defend themselves in future.

From Our Special Correspondent.

HEAD OF GREAT KANAWHA RIVER, ABOVE THE MOUNTAINS.

Some men are said to be wise, and some otherwise; but there is only one Henry A. Wise. None but himself can be his parallel. Upon the approach of our troops his heated anxiety to lead his cavaliers against the Northern hordes changed to leading flight, in what Mr. Chase used to call terrific and tumultuous haste. His running is like the driving of John, the son of Nimrod, for he runs furiously. I think he would even win a race against that other great modern pedestrian, Clifton P. Jackson, late Governor of the State of Missouri. At our latest advance he was 10 miles from here on the road to Covington, flying still, as Gen. Cox's brigade might as well chase a locomotive as hope to overtake him.

In the upper part of this valley, the mountains close in, almost to the river, and a farmer's life is a perpetual battle with nature. The people use the old currency of New-England, and talk of "fourpence in a penny" and "dimes in a dime." Instead of half dimes and dimes, the Secessionists are chiefly among the heavy slaveholders, and the wealthy, who claim to be gentlemen; the white working men—the "plain people," as Mr. Lincoln has it—are loyal to the Union. Whatever virtue the settlers possess, like their Southern brethren everywhere, they are unable to "keep a hotel." Kandi butter, strong ham, a drench of soap and towels, and a superfluity of dirt and vermin, are leading characteristics. The charges, however, are modest; and one can hardly expect to revel in luxury at 25 cents a meal or lodging. On Saturday evening, I was glad to exchange life among the natives for the hospitalities of an old-fashioned innkeeper, Capt. Frank P. Cahill of the 1st Kentucky. Before 9 o'clock, the heavens were like Nihil, all tears, for showers occur daily among these mountains, and we were lulled to sleep in our tent by the patter of the rain upon the roof.

There is little rest for the soldier upon his march. Even Sunday slides no Sabbath day for him. At 5 o'clock the reveille awakened us; at 6 the tents were struck, and we were again upon the road. Before noon the weather became very sultry and oppressive. How the sun smote us in that close, narrow valley! The old Roman soldier, it is said, marched undisturbed under burdens of sixty pounds; but ours toil and pant, though his accoutrements weigh less than thirty. Before you charge him with efficiency, however, try the experiment yourself of dressing in woolen, and carrying thirty pounds for ten miles some fine Summer day before noon. A corporal in one of our regiments is accompanied by his little boy of 9 years, who dresses in full uniform, and is known as "the Little Corporal." A drum-major of domestic tastes has his young, girlish-looking wife with him, and several women accompany the command as laundresses, etc.

A private who had been for three months in the service, and two months in Company D of the 1st Kentucky, proved, a few days since, to be a woman. He was small in stature, and always kept his coat buttoned to the chin; but had passed the examination of the surgeon, performed camp duties with fortitude, and upon long marches, when many of the men gave out, invariably refused to ride, or even permit his knapsack to be placed upon a wagon. He first excited suspicion by his feminine method of putting on his stockings; and upon being handed over to the surgeon was reported to be a woman, about twenty years old. She was at once discharged from the regiment, and clothed in the habiliments of her sex; but sent to Columbus upon suspicion of being a spy of the Rebels, excited by some of her remarks, though her conversation in general was very courteous and non-committal.

We passed the wheel and machinery of the "Kanawha Valley," a little steamer which the rebels "pressed" into service, used for a few weeks, and finally burned. The destruction was an act of wanton vandalism, committed probably because the boat belonged to a Union man. The rebels had positive assurances that our army did not want her, and would not interfere with her. An old Virginian with whom we stopped to converse said: "I have always been a Union man, but when Virginia seceded, of course I had to go with my State. The doctrine obtains generally throughout the South that the highest (and often the only) allegiance of the citizen is due to his State, and not to the Federal Government. The people here also allude to the seceding armies not as 'Union' and 'Secession,' but as 'Northern' and 'Southern.'"

At the house where we stopped for dinner we learned that when Wise's army passed, two days before, it had thirty prisoners, about one-third of them soldiers from our army, the remainder Union citizens—including an old Methodist clergyman, universally beloved—on their way to Richmond to be tried for treason. Some of the prisoners were tied. The young officer who had them in charge—a son of Henry A. Wise—remarked that he hoped to live to see every Federal soldier driven out of Virginia, and to lead an army to attack and burn Cincinnati. If he does not die until those two objects are accomplished he will live to be a very old man.

Everywhere we hear of the depredations of the Rebel army on its flight. "I told them," said the landlord, "after they had burned my fences, destroyed my corn, and pressed my horses, that even if all they said about the Northern army was true, it could not treat me worse than they had." They robbed several stores, and took every horse, ox, mule, wagon and carriage they could find. In several instances they deprived widows and poor men of their teams. "They call it pressing," remarked an old planter to me to-day, "but it looks to me very much like highway robbery."

They frequently pressed negroes, to drive the teams. Gov. Wise himself carried away a slave belonging to Col. William Dickinson of Malden, against the indignant remonstrances of his master. It is something new for the errand old Virginian to appear in the character of a "nigger stealer."

In the afternoon we passed through Cannelton, where a hundred negroes are employed in the coal-work—two long, begrimed, dilapidated buildings, near the river, with a few wretched looking houses in the

vicinity. Immense deposits of canal coal are found in the hills, which rise abruptly from the river, and it is brought down to the works upon an inclined-plane railway. Very few of the inhabitants were visible, except the negroes, who were all of deep, unqualified, and shining black, as if their native hue had been intensified by repeated coatings of coal dust, rubbed in with the oil. When I asked one of them, "Where are all the white people?" he replied, with a broad grin, "Run away, massa." He evidently appreciated the honor of the situation, like a negro woman encountered by a friend of mine, with our army, a few weeks ago. "Have you run away from your master?" inquired my friend. "Golly, no," was her prompt answer, "Massa run away from me!"

And here a word about the negroes in general. When any one from the South assures you that the slaves are indifferent to this conflict, or sympathize with the rebels, just conclude that there is some mistake about it. Everywhere, the negroes look upon our armies as their friends. I have heard them a dozen times, within the last few days, greet our approach with "Hallelujah for Mass'r Lincoln." "They told us," said a group with whom I conversed in Cannelton, "dat if your army came, you would cut off all our right foot, but Lord, I knowed you wouldn't hurt us!" At one house, where we stopped for dinner, the planter professed to be a strong Union man, and several of our officers began to talk with him quite freely about army movements. A negro woman managed to beckon me into a back room, and when I followed her there, seized my arm very earnestly and said: "I tell you, Massa's only just putting on. He helps you all, and wants to see you killed. As soon as he has passed, he will send right to Wise's army, and tell him what you mean to do. He's been in a heap of trouble," she added, "but Lord, dese times just suits me!"

At another house, while the planter, whom we knew to be a rebel, had stepped out for a moment, a very intelligent young colored woman, with an infant in her arms, stationed two negro girls on guard at the door to watch for his return, and interrogated me as to the progress and probable results of the war. "Is it true," she asked, very sadly, "that your army has been hunting and returning runaway slaves?" Thanks to Gen. Cox, who understands that if he sent into Virginia for quite another purpose, I was able to reply in the negative. But when she inquired further, if through these convulsions, there was any gleam of hope for freedom for her race, what could I tell her but to be patient and trust in God? Secession is cutting the Gordian knot, and giving to the great problem of the fate of Slavery in America, which has so long troubled the hearts of all good men, a very practical solution. The process may be long and tedious; but the ultimate result is inevitable as death. History will record that the malign Slavery received its death-wound at the hands of its friends, and the events of to-day are only demonstrating that "it is the nature of the devil, tyranny, to tear and rend the body from which he is cast out."

FROM FORTRESS MONROE.

The Expedition to the Shore of the Chesapeake—The Rebels in Arms with Batteries—Contraband Trade on the Bay—An Error Corrected—Seawall's Point Entry.

From Our Special Correspondent.

FORTRESS MONROE, OLD POINT COMFORT, Aug. 4, 1861.

The expedition to the east shore of the Chesapeake, under the command of Lieutenant Crosey of the black-squadron, returned on Friday evening. It consisted of the steamers Fanny and Fanny Caldwell, armed with howitzers and rifle-batteries, the tug Adriatic, two barges, Capt. White and Lieutenant's companies, commanded by Capt. Winchester of the McClellan Regiment, and 70 men from the Virginia Coast Guard—all about 150 men. The object of the expedition was to survey the eastern shore of the bay, search for vessels engaged in illegal trade, and to bring back what information might be obtained as to the movements of the Rebels in that hitherto unexplored and out-of-the-way district, famous as the residence of Gov. Wise. A friend who accompanied the expedition has furnished me with the following account:

Leaving Old Point Tuesday afternoon, we arrived at Watts Point at 10 in the evening, and took a good rest, in plain to be ready for the following morning. At daylight, we got under way, and stood up the Potomac Sound, and landed at Shiloh, in Maryland, to look that all was correct there. Although matters looked quiet, we felt satisfied that those whom we met were anything but friendly in their feelings. They were very cold and reserved, and not at all inclined to be communicative; and a number who had been there, upon our approach, fled to the shore of Virginia, from which it was evident that Rebels have free communication with their friends in Maryland. After waiting at this place, we went up to a place called Potts's Wharf, where we had heard that our friends in Accomac had some cannon; but, finding none, we returned, and on our way down visited a Mr. Croake's house and store, in Accomac County, to search for arms and contraband of war. As we landed, we saw a number of persons, apparently in uniform, hurrying away, on foot and horse. We beckoned to them to return, but, as that had no effect, a negro was sent out to tell them that we wanted to see them; that inefficient or loyal people would not be molested; but no one returned except one Mr. Fletcher, from whom a number of articles were purchased.

We called upon him to meet in the place of the absent proprietor. After the search was over (during which we found uniforms with the Virginia button of "Sece-temper tyrannus" upon them, as well as boxes that had had arms in them as well as clothing), the officers of the companies were called together, and in their presence Mr. Fletcher was asked if everything had been paid for—to which he replied, "Yes, and I am very much obliged to you all." We then left in our boats and joined our steamer. Previous to this our pickets had been fired upon, which they returned and followed up while the rebels were leaving at more than double quick step. We felt satisfied that our friends in Accomac were hostile, and ready to hazard their lives and property, and determined to oppose our Government. After returning to the vessels, we went back to Watts Island, where we remained until the next morning at daylight, when we ran into the Chesapeake, near the home of H. A. Wise, to look for vessels which were violating the blockade. We found the schooner Indiana lying in there as snug as you please, with her papers, upon which was written a warning not to enter any port in Virginia, and signed by an officer in command of our blockading fleet; brought her out and took her in tow; ran over to Watts Island, where we anchored. During the afternoon the Adriatic, with Mr. Burnett, went out and boarded several vessels, while the Fanny went to reconnoiter in the Onancock and Pungoteague Rivers; found heavy earthworks, with a number of soldiers and several vessels behind them; gave them a shell from our rifled gun, to ask them if they had any like it; but as they had none of that kind, we went back to Watts Island, leaving our friends busy bringing in their troops, ready to welcome us on the morrow. But as we were out of provisions, and had much to do, we concluded to turn back to Fortress Monroe for a supply, and on our way to call in and see our friends in Cherry Stone, in Northampton County, while our Pungoteague friends were waiting out their horses to prepare for the bull on the following day.

The next morning, at the peep of day, we were 50 miles below and entering the Cherry Stone River in pursuit of one or two vessels who were trying to escape. As we entered the mouth we threw in a number of shells to awaken our friends, having heard that they were ready to welcome us, but as they did not acknowledge our presence, we concluded that they had not made their toilet, as the hour was quite early. We went on, however, and took possession of the vessel, but finding that they were hard on and fast, and tide falling, they were set fire to. As we were leaving, some wide-awake individuals brought down a cannon and made us good morning. Lieut. Tillotson, who had command of a barge with a rifled piece, returned their compliments twice, but as they had without making any further replies, we concluded that they had nothing more to say, and returned to our steamer. We found the Fanny Caldwell hard and fast ashore, and not likely to be gotten off for seven or eight hours, if at all. The Adriatic was sent with all dispatch to Fortress Monroe, distant 25 miles, after ammunition and provisions, and, in the mean time, all hands were set to work to lighten the vessel, while the Fanny, Fanny Caldwell and the barge gave notice to our friends on shore that we were aware of the fact that they were preparing for us, beneath the shades of the dense forest on the point, near which we had to pass. Fortunately for us the old Fanny Caldwell was towed off by her manœuvre at high water, and immediately followed her out of the harbor.

On the point, about six hundred yards off, where our friends were enjoying the shade of the woods, we gave them a hearty good-bye in the shape of a few shells, which they tried to return, but finding our guns so eloquent, they stopped to listen to us until we got out of speaking distance, when those who ran away with delight to inform their friends of the result came back, and fired off some guns. Some say they fired shot, but as we were so far off, we could not judge as well as they, and, perhaps, ought not to indurate that they were so inopportune.

All hands of our party returned in good health, but some of our Cherry Stone friends, it is said, were a little worse for wear.

The Adriatic met us on the way back, and returned with us.

During our visit to Shiloh and its vicinity we learned that vessels were constantly employed between that place and Baltimore, and that from their goods are conveyed to convenient landings on the Virginia side in Accomac County, which is but a few hundred yards distant, and as opportunity offered are reshipped across the bay, the ships taking advantage of the cover of night to slip in to the most convenient inlet or landing, which are found in any number along either coast. Vessels from Baltimore and other ports in Maryland obtain clearance for ports on the eastern shore of the Maryland shore of Virginia to slip in and carry away grain or other goods to whatever market they find most convenient. The importance of markets of very light draft on the east shore of the bay is apparent. This expedition has established the fact that the rebels keep up communication with Baltimore, from whence they continually draw supplies to be re-shipped to the other parts of the State, thus keeping up a contraband trade across the waters of the Chesapeake. It is probable that they obtain large quantities of powder from Delaware and other places through this channel. The number of vessels on the bay has largely increased of late, so that the number of armed vessels necessary to maintain proper police on this important body of water must necessarily be considerable. A portion of them should not draw over three feet. It is apparent also that increased vigilance should be observed at Baltimore in clearing vessels, inspecting their cargoes, and ascertaining their actual destination. In fact, the seat of the difficulty is at Baltimore, and there the remedy should first be applied.

La Mountain, the ballast, made an excursion yesterday to the height of about two thousand feet. On Seawall's Point, two heavy guns are in battery facing the Roads, and the main battery, looking from the northern shore, is flanked by an earthenwork to protect it from flank attack. Not a shot has yet been fired from this new battery, but it is not probable that it will long remain silent.

The writer of a letter in THE TRIBUNE, dated at this place the 31st inst., has done Col. De Ruess, the Engineer-in-Chief of this Department, great injustice, by speaking of him as one "who by residence, by habit, and by blood, is allied to the rebellion." It is true that Col. De Ruess has long resided here, that he has relatives at the South and in the rebel ranks, but it is untrue and the worst injustice to impute that he is in sympathy with the rebellion. Gen. Scott and Gen. McClellan are similarly "allied to rebellion." Are they suspected? If the writer desired to illustrate the point that men in sympathy with rebellion are retained in responsible positions, he should have cited some other case than that of Col. De Ruess, who, as a patriot, an officer, and a true gentleman, stands unimpeached and unimpeachable. This much I deem it right to say, especially since the unjust and offensive allusion to Col. De Ruess has been attributed to me.

FROM MARYLAND.

Insurrectionary Condition of things in this State.

From Our Special Correspondent.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 4, 1861.

The continued insurrectionary condition of things in this State is evidenced by the following facts, which darken the pages of our annals for the last few days:

The members of the Rebel Legislature, who boast vociferously of their Unionism, instead of refusing by their absence to countenance the doings of that illegally convened body, continue to attend its sessions, notwithstanding they are in an impotent and despised minority. Earnest and indignant Union men feel this extraordinary fidelity to their legislative duties to the attraction of the flesh-pots of Egypt, otherwise, the treasury of the State, which pays these scoundrel fathers \$4 per diem!

The true character of what is facetiously styled the Unionism of Maryland—I do not mean the Republicanism—may be seen in the resolution of Gen. Kimball, the aged of Lingener, who is for supporting the Government in putting down the Jeff. Davis rebellion, provided it can be done without disturbing Negro Slavery! And yet this Gen. Kimball is one of the Union candidates for the next Governor of this State.

THE MARYLAND SECESSIONISTS.

Correspondence of THE N. Y. TRIBUNE.

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 5, 1861.

Some of our weak-minded Secessionists have been predicting for the last few weeks that Jeff. Davis would send a larger armed force across the Potomac into this State for the purpose, as they say, of driving out the hostile invaders, and releasing our people from the grasp of the tyrant, which, as they allege, is now oppressing them.

Notwithstanding they have been so long and so anxiously looking for such an event, neither Gen. Johnston nor Gen. Lee has as yet made his appearance, and these false prophets hardly know how to account for it. If they are as verdant as not to see the folly of such an attempt, Jeff. Davis and his advisers are not. They are shrewd, sharp men, and are not likely to be guilty of such a blunder. An army might, perhaps, cross over and come into this State, and I have no doubt plenty of our Union men, as well as Secessionists, would flock to its standard; but then no great deal could be gained for the Rebel cause, and much might be lost. Admitting that they should succeed in taking Washington, they could not hold it long, for the North would pour down a perfect avalanche upon them and drive them out. The most they could do would be to destroy the public buildings before vacating the city. But Jeff. Davis and his followers are not going to do any such thing.

They know well enough that Maryland is now doing more for their cause than she could possibly do if her people were in a state of rebellion. According to Secession accounts, she has already furnished from five to ten thousand men for the Confederate army, and is still furnishing more. And many of these men have been armed and equipped indirectly at the expense of the State. Besides, in our present position, we form a kind of breakwater between the two contending sections, and afford our Southern sympathizers a good opportunity to supply the Rebels with arms, ammunition, medicine, and such other articles as they really need, and could not otherwise obtain. If our people were to

revolt and Maryland become the theater of war, the Rebels would have no middle ground upon which they could work, nor would they have any medium through which they could obtain supplies. Within the last few months, many a bill of goods has found its way from this city to Virginia, and there can be no doubt but the trade is still going on. Some cross the Potomac at or near Mathias Point, while others find their way across the river somewhere in the vicinity of Point of Rocks. While the Rebels were at Harper's Ferry, a great deal of smuggling was carried on through that place. It was done by men in various disguises, and I am sorry to say, many of the fair sex had a hand in it. They probably do something at it now, but on other routes—I don't know how true it may be—but no matter; that a certain local Methodist preacher has had a great deal of business to do down in Virginia of late. He is well acquainted with the people in certain localities, and possibly he goes down to dispense the Gospel. True, he always carries a suspicious-looking box along, but that may contain "tracts" for distribution. If some druggist were to examine one of his boxes, he might possibly "smell a rat." Uncle Sam must keep a sharp lookout. Some of our shrewd officials, who have the distribution of Federal patronage hereabouts, have at last wakened up and fairly showed some signs of life. As an evidence of vitality, thirty-five new appointments were announced on the 1st inst., and all in one day! Not so bad a day's work for one who has not quite four months to do it in! No doubt "due deliberation and careful consideration" were given to the work. Some had been waiting so long to see the list of appointments, they had almost come to the conclusion that the appointing power had become torpid or changed into a fossil. Now that they are made, it is presumed that "all hands and the cook" will be satisfied. The lucky ones will be, as a matter of course, and those who were not quite so lucky, have no business to complain. All they can do is to "pick their flints and try it again." The programme is completed, and "family arrangements" all made; the next thing, I presume, will be to build up a great party. The materials are rather heterogeneous, but perhaps adhesion enough may be applied to cement them together. What this party is to be called is not yet known, but some one may be able to chase up a name for it. If they want it to grow to formidable dimensions, it won't do to have too many *inert* leaders. It takes her man to manage and build up a party nowadays. Neither will it do to have too many in the rank and file that were seen on the streets on or about the 15th of April last, with Secession badges on their coats, or with guns on their shoulders to shoot down Federal troops. Nor will it do to make it a test that no one shall hold an office who is able and capable of getting a living at anything else. Such things will not look well, to say the least. It will hardly do to call this party Union, for that is rather an ambiguous term in these parts. We have a Union representative in Congress from this city, but from recent acts and speeches of his, a great many are inclined to the opinion that he is not exactly the Union man they would like to see. And we have plenty more of just such Union men. We have some good, true Union men here, but they want sitting out. It won't do to use too fine a sieve at first lest some good seed might be lost. The best way for the Republicans to preserve themselves and not get swallowed up in the dust, is to maintain their regular organization and run a ticket of their own at the coming election. It might not suit some parties, but the Republicans would have nothing to lose by the operation. If they believe their principles to be right, the only way for them to succeed and command respect, is to openly and boldly maintain them. The man is not true to himself, or his race who will compromise his principles, or stifle the honest conviction of his own mind, for the sake of pleasing everybody else.

FROM BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, Tuesday, August 6, 1861.

There is nothing of any moment from Old Point to-day.

The boundary of Pool & Hunt of Baltimore County, just beyond the city limits, was destroyed by fire last night. Loss \$25,000. Insured for \$13,000, partly in New-York and Philadelphia.

TRANSFER OF FEDERAL PRISONERS.

HARRIS AND MAGRAW STILL PRISONERS—ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS—THRILLING APPEAL FOR KENTUCKY.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, August 6, 1861.

Government has received information that forty Federal prisoners, who have been kept at Richmond, Va., for the last three weeks, have been transferred to J. M. D. North Carolina, though what the object of the transfer is has not transpired.

An application for the release of Messrs. Harris and Magraw, who are held as prisoners by the rebels, has been refused. Jeff. Davis saying that he intends to hold them until after the war is over.

The bill which relates to the Metropolitan Police of the District of Columbia under the control of Congress, will be immediately carried into effect.

The Government has shown a commendable care for rebel prisoners now or hereafter to be in its custody by making arrangements for their regular admission to military service, and the enjoyment of their religious sentiments. The prisoners are reported to be much gratified by this step on the part of the Government.

Congress has adjourned, highly extenuated that their labors are closed, and each congratulating his fellow at the great unanimity and ample legislation of the session.

In the House, it was discovered that the clock had stopped, and that the hour agreed upon for adjournment had passed for some minutes. Considerable merriment was created when the discovery was made, and, on motion, the time for adjournment was postponed for thirty minutes. So the House cheated the clock out of its joke.

Just before the adjournment, Mr. Wickliffe of Kentucky announced that he had just received intelligence that Kentucky had gone for the Union, and that as she was first in the Union, so would she be the last to leave it. This announcement was received with thunders of applause, lasting several minutes. Such a demonstration of overwhelming joy was never before made on the floor of the House of Representatives.

The President is at the Capitol, signing bills as rapidly as they are engrossed.

PROCLAMATION OF THE GOVERNOR OF IOWA.

The Secretary of War has accepted from this State four additional Regiments of Infantry and one of Cavalry. One Regiment of Infantry is already organized, as I learn, under Col. Bennett of Iowa.

Two are accepted and the remainder of the good of the State, and the cause of the country, will render me his aid to see that I shall be done both speedily and well.

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD, Gov. of Iowa.

Executive Order, July 30, 1861.

DON'T LIVE THE NAME.—Some of our exchanged report a "National Salute." Cannot we leave all that sort of talk to the old Union, and use the proper and unexceptionable term "Confederate," or Southern?

Chalmers Taylor.

quintine. This was up to noon, yesterday, when the search was progressing, with the expectation of finding ammunition. One of the rioters of the 15th of April was found on board, and taken to the Port. The steamer Mary Washington, belonging to the same concern as the Weema, was stopped one day last week, having on board some six barrels of army buttons, and other contraband, but it was discharged. The next offense will subject her to seizure, when she will be a confiscated like her partner the Weema.

An earnest Union merchant of this city, paid a visit to the mouth and banks of the Patuxent last week, and he reports the contraband trade between Virginia and Baltimore, by that route, to be very active, notwithstanding the Customs House order of two weeks standing against the sailing of any craft whatever out of this port by night. It is attributed by some to the faithfulness of the Inspectors, nearly all of whom belong to the old Buchanan regime until the 1st instant, and by others, to their ignorance of their duties. The Surveyor of the Port has now a Union force on, and he says, he is determined to put a stop to this contraband trade at the wharf. Nothing is easier. Captain Froe has a hundred eyes and a hundred hands, as the contrabandists will henceforth find out.

The enter forward, Capt. Nones, was ordered to Baltimore some two weeks ago from the mouth of the Severn. In the interim, the contrabandists began to haul their goods home over to the headquarters of the Severn, and thence ship them in small boats to the Patuxent. Gen. Dix called and her back to her old station to put a stop to this outlet.

The Mayor of the City has paid the late discharged rebel police, and its ex-Commissioners and Marshal, for the month of July, out of the City Treasury, some \$25,000. This is an outrage upon the tax-payers of Baltimore, that they ought not to aid a repetition of, but there seems to be no one of sufficient wealth prepared to throw himself in the breach. It is simply keeping up a rebel force of some 500 men at the public expense,